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**Business Letters** for us should be addressed "To the Editor of the **Intelligencer**," and should be addressed to either individual member of the office by name.

## The Intelligencer.

## A University Poet does the President's House in Style.

Slip, slip, golden, graceful, muse,  
A poet's humble song,  
Slip, but not Achille's wrath,  
Nor Troy's ancient wall.  
Not Agamemnon's quarrel  
Nor bloody wars of old,  
But a modern hero's worth,  
And his noble soul.  
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## A Big Prairie-Fire.

Correspondence New York World.

PORT WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—West of White Mud River, from the 500th to the 550th stone monument marking the 49th parallel, a hill plateau rises, from which, ordinarily, can be seen far off on the skyline the Three Buttes or Sweet Grass Hills, the Bear's Paw and the Little Rocky Mountains. Just now, however, the whole of that region is filled with smoke. From the hill plateau along the front of the mountains, a dense smoke, at least fifty miles and south as many more, prairie and mountain fire are raging with almost unexampled fierceness. A month ago the deep snow passed away, and winter was startled by the appearance of the ghost of Indian summer, which still holds away. The prairie grass is dry and brittle, and the silver spruce and stumpy pine which cover the hills are fit to blaze like tall barrels. The fire began on Belle River, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in the middle of November, swept eastward for 100 miles, then reached out north and south, and are now rushing further south and further north, and still to the eastward with marvelous swiftness. From the plateau of the White Mud, looking towards the land of the plain, one can see nothing but clouds of smoke charged with the incense of burning balsam and sage-bush, rolling over the earth or going up "as the smoke of a furnace." The prairie soil is black and lifeless as an "infernal" and, with the smoke generally in a high fever. At night the smoke seems to grow thicker, while now and then, when the running smoke seizes a hill top, flames suddenly burst out and as suddenly die away. The buffalo is to use a hunter's phrase, "in a high fever." A number of them, tens of thousands, have passed between these hills and the Buttes since the fire broke out, going in every direction at a mad gallop. The herd starts from the fire in good order and retreats in masterly style for two or three days, but after that it breaks out, and runs, the bulls bellowing out the sav q' p'ent. The fire will doubtless be stayed at the Wood Mountain and White Mud region, for beyond that lies the arid and rocky country of the Souris, in which not even fire could support life.

## Questions and Answers.

From the correspondence column of the *Nova Times* and *Messenger* we take the following questions and answers:

Question—Is it correct to say of a young lady that "she looks beautifully?"

Answer—"The expression is correct. In spite of the frequency with which the impropriety has been commented on and censured, one hears it daily from the lips of educated men and women. The error arises from confounding look in the sense of to direct the eye, and look in the sense of to seem, appear, or exhibit."

Question—Can you tell me whence comes the expression "the naked truth?"

Answer—"The fable says that Truth and falsehood were bathing together—Falsehood came first out of the water, and dressed herself in the garments of truth, and that Truth, unwilling to take those of falsehood, was naked."

Question—What author is it who says that "doubt is devil-born?"

Answer—"Your quotation, most appropriate as it is at the present time, when the discussions on a material Hell settle the subtle minds of the theologians, is from Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' XV., at 1."

"You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet mortal, you, who with blue eyes  
Are tender over doubting lines,  
You tell me doubt is devil-born?"

Question—Will you come to the rescue of a puzzled subscriber and inform him of the meaning of the following motto: "In the mid-land of the volucious night, when, chased by dry dreams, the slumbers lie, Who, in the dream, the soul's secret, O God, but thee?"

Answer—"The beautiful poem from which this quotation is taken is known as 'Midnight Hymn' and may be found in Fosberg's 'Hymns and Poems for the Sick and Suffering.' The name of the author is unknown, as appears from the following note by the editor:—'M.S. found in a chest in a poor woman's cottage.'"

Lower Rates of Interest in the New York Letter to the Philadelphia Ledger.

Savings bank depositors may as well familiarize themselves with the probability that they will have to be content with even a lower than the present (5 per cent) rate of interest after the 1st of January. Those institutions have still the same difficulty in making safe and profitable investments that they have experienced since the panic, and rather than take additional risks they are forced to reduce their rates of interest. In Wall street, has ceased to take a higher sum on deposit than \$1,000, and a prominent official connected with one of the largest up town institutions said this morning, "We would be very glad if people would come and deposit their money, but the rate of interest is so low that it is not worth the trouble of making a deposit at all; it is next to impossible to make 5 per cent for them in the present condition of business, and there would seem to be no alternative but to further reduce the rate of interest." There is good reason for believing that this opinion is well founded, and other bank officials, and that after the New Year there will be some concert of action having that end in view. The smaller banks, possibly, may dissent, in order to obtain and keep business; but if the larger ones cut down the rate as a prudent step, which they are doing, and temporarily get in one way will be lost in another—that is, by the impairment of public confidence.

A MEERSCHAUM THAT MAY BE COLORED IN 30 SECONDS.—Devoted young men who spend months, and injure themselves with excessive smoking, in coloring meerschaum pipes may thank a philanthropic Frenchman for accelerating the process, obviating some of the expense, much of the annoyance, and possibly some of the dangers of the operation. He sends a pipe of common porous clay, worth a few cents, a mixture of ether and alcohol, to which a little rose essence is added, and in which is dissolved 10 per cent of borax or other flux. With this is combined a trace of nitrate of silver. The advantage of the treatment is that the pipe may be made to look like meerschaum and have a fine gloss; the smoke, perfumed by the rose and camphor, is agreeably aromatic, the pipe is cheap, and it will color nicely either by smoking or by exposing it to the light in the latter instance 30 seconds exposure is stated to be quite sufficient.

HOMEOPATHY AND ALLOPATHY MAKING UP.—The London *Lancet* notes the gradual healing in that country of the long-time differences between allopathy and homeopathy. Dr. Richardson in a recent article says that many of the allopathic physicians have renounced all the heresies of the past in the treatment of acute diseases; while homeopathic physicians have, on the other hand, almost entirely abandoned the use of globules, and have substituted remedies in tangible form, their rule being to give a dose sufficiently large to effect its purpose, but not so large as to discomfort the patient. They use, therefore, allopathic remedies, opiate, anesthetic, tonic, galvanism, hydrotherapy, Turkish bath and mineral waters. In short, he says, we define our practice as rational medicine, including the application of the law of contrast, but plus the application of the law of similars.

## Much Married.

There now lives in Dakota County, in this state, a man who has just married his sixth wife in St. Paul, Minn. He was born in New Brunswick, married there, and moved to Minnesota with his wife and two children—both girls—in the year 1857 or thereabouts. At Minneapolis he died, and afterward one child. Here, a short time after, he married a widow with one child, a boy. Moving to Dakota County, he remained until five children were born, all girls. One died, and afterward his second wife. After a lapse of six or seven months he married again a widow, a Hoosier. In less than two years he gave her a thousand dollars to grant him a divorce. He obtained it, started for Maine, met with a woman separated from her husband, but not divorced, married her as soon as the divorce was obtained. In a year and a half she died, leaving no children belonging to him. Now, discouraged, after three and one-half years he married again—another Maine widow. Then he returned to Minnesota, where, on the 11th of August last, his fifth wife passed from earth, leaving him another girl. And now he plans to marry by a sixth. Who will dare to be the next? If any man outside of Salt Lake City, or at least outside the regions of polygamy, can show a better record, let him speak up.—*St. Pauler* (Minn.) *Lumberman*.

## Wing-Shooting with a Rifle.

Olethorpe (Ga.) Week.

One day last week Judge Blackwell, who was always a devotee of the gun and gun, went to the country, and though only 61 years of age, decided to take a hunt for partridges with a rifle. The hunt got gone far when a blue-winged hawk that had been watching a covey of partridges, started by him, when he pulled on the bird, killing it instantly. The report flushed the partridges and they scattered. Having his pointer with him, he had no trouble in finding the single birds, and as the first one rose he decapitated it with the ball from his rifle. A second partridge was flushed and with an eagle-eye aim the Judge fired at it, and another bird came to the ground with the ball in its back. The third bird, which he had no trouble in finding, was shot from his rifle. Recaptulation: an old man, 61 years of age, three birds shot on the wing with a rifle.

## Bellaire Locals.

New Year's day was observed in this city in an unusual quiet manner this year. The cold weather, as well as the scarcity of the necessary "funds," among the many of our young men and old, caused the streets not to be crowded with pedestrians, in fact, a general quiet prevailed, except in those localities where "Tom" and "Jerry" dwelled, there an occasional yell of hilarity could be heard, as a signal of "recreation." The Disciples Sabbath School at 10 a. m., yesterday, received their annual treat of cakes, confections, etc. There was a large attendance of little folks, and a merry time was witnessed.

On New Year's eve a splendid time was enjoyed at the residence of Mr. Samuel Brown, a host of young people. The old year, with all due respect, was escorted to the shelf, and the new one received with music and song.

Colonel Baron, of the 2d regiment, O. N. G. and staff, with about thirty of the Bellaire Guard, returned from their trip to the city, where they had spent a pleasant time the night previous dancing the old year out and the new year in.

Mr. Jacob Durst, the accommodating restaurateur, in honor of his birthday, invited Major Stah, City Marshal, Dr. J. H. Durst, and his deputies, constable Rowles and other officials to partake of a sumptuous and well-prepared feast. The occasion, which was responded to, in fact, the affair was a grand treat, and Jake no more than his established habit of teaching others "how to do it."

A grand concert was given at the Disciples Church last evening, which, from all accounts, was a decided success, and many thanks to R. W. Nelson, Esq., the leading spirit upon the occasion.

The Catholics of this city held a festival at the City Hall last evening.

Dr. William McLane recently had his drug store fixed up in a most handsome style, replenished his stock of drugs and fancy goods, too varied and numerous to mention. The Doctor is a staunch old Democrat, but a gentleman and business man, every inch of him.

At the residence of Mr. Garrard, on Guernsey street, a sociable party gathered on New Year's eve to escort the old year to its resting place and receive the new year with music and song.

J. E. D.

## Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

Will be found to possess those qualities necessary to the total eradication of all bilious affections, prompt to restore the functions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. Indeed, it is no ordinary discovery in medicine to have invented a remedy for these stubborn complaints, which develop all the results produced by a heretofore free use of calomel, a mineral justly derided by mankind, and which is promoted by these pills to the extreme to the human system. That the properties of certain vegetables comprise all the virtues of calomel, without its injurious tendencies, is now an scientific fact, and is indisputable.

These Pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is promoted by these pills, and will be seen by the altered color of the stools, and disappearance of the sallow complexion and cleansing of the tongue.

A simple directions for use accompany each box of pills. Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and for sale by all druggists and grocers.

Price 25 cents per box.

## THE REASON IS OBVIOUS.

What Tutt's Pills will do.

THEY CURE Dyspepsia, Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all the ailments of the stomach and bowels.